

Is this quick bird-like beating of  
thy thought  
Where no thought dwells.—Grant  
that this God be?

Naught,  
Yet let that Naught be Somewhat  
in thy mouth ;  
Lie boldly, and say He Is 1 So  
north and south  
Shall marvel, how there sprang a  
thing divine  
From Semelc's flesh, and honour all  
our line.

*[Drawing nearer to*

PENTHEUS.

Is there not blood before thine eyes  
even now ?  
Our lost Actacon's blood, whom  
long ago  
His own reel hounds through  
yonder forest dim  
Tore unto death, because he  
vaunted him  
Against most holy Artemis ? Oh,  
beware.  
And let me wreath thy temples.  
Make thy prayer  
With us, and walk thence humbly in  
God's sight.

*[He makes as if to set the wreath on  
PENTHEUS' head.*

PENTHEUS: us.

Down with that hand ! Aroint  
thence to thy rite,  
Nor smear on me thy foul  
contagion !

*[Turning upon TEIRKMAS.*

This

Thy folly's head and prompter shall  
not miss  
The iustice that he needs ! —Go,  
half my guard,  
Forth to the rock-seat where he  
dwells in ward  
O'er birds and wonders; rend the  
stone with crow  
And trident: i make one wreck of  
high and low,  
And toss his bands to all the winds  
of air !

Ha, have I found the way to sting  
thence, there ?

The rest, forth through the town !  
And seek amain

This girl-faced stranger, that hath  
wrought such bane

To all Thebes, preying on our  
maids and wives.

Seek till ye find ; and lead him here

in gyves\*